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WEEKLY VISITANT.

FOR SEPTEMBER 20.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 27, 1806.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

"E VACIIS LECTI."

VISIONARY ENJOYMENT.

The exiled patriot, who roams the immeasurable waste of Tehama, feels his bosom swell with transport, when he discovers a Green Island of Palms. Wearied by the uniformity of his way, he reclines upon the margin of some refreshing fountain; and, while visions of hope and remembrance alternately occupy his feelings, he lingers amid the embowering gloom to indulge the lovely illusion. Such is the condition of man. Unsatisfied with the dull realities of life, unsatisfied with the deceptive phantom of promised pleasure, he occasionally abandons the fruitless pursuit, seeks the fairy land of imagination, and there participates the most exquisite enjoyment. But these visionary joys are little suited to afford pecuniary emolument, however highly we may have heard them extolled. They seem accommodated to a milder clime. They are natives of Heaven, but commissioned to Earth to enliven our conception of future realities. Contemplated in this view the young Enthusiast is an enviable character. He can voyage the ocean of moonbeams, tread the heaving billows of the air, lie pillowed on the buoyant clouds, and bathe in the blue flood of the firmament. To such pleasures his mind is instinctively attunded.

PARALLEL SIMILES.

"As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad,
And in succession endless seek the fields,
Now clustering, and now scattered far and near,
In spring time among all the new-blown flowers,
So they, a various throng." COWPER's HOMER.

"As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New-rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer

Their state affairs; so thick the airy crowd
Swarmed and were straitened." MILTON.

"As o'er some flowery field the busy bees
Pour their deep music, pleasant melody
To the tired traveller, under some old oak
Stretched in the chequered shade; or as the sound
Of many waters down the far-off steep
Dashed with loud uproar, rose the murmur round
Of admiration." SOUTHEY.

DELICATE EMOTIONS.

Thomson would induce us to imagine, that very delicate emotions originate in rearing tender thoughts, and in teaching young ideas how to shoot; but will not every person who has experienced these *incommunicable* sensations, consider the following construction of these celebrated lines a considerable amendment?

Perplexing job! to regulate a school,
To teach stiff fingers how to steer a pen,
To deal unheeded precepts to the dull,
To call the culprits to you, and to fix
The dreaded weapon on the glowing palm—
Oh speak the joy!———

Would not this *slight* alteration make the exclamation more just, more perspicuous, and more conformable to nature? However, being no commentator, I shall not presume to allege—*Et proculdubio sic Jamie Thomson.*

TOMB OF WERTER.

I have been reperusing the SORROWS OF WERTER, which operate on my feelings most forcibly. A tale of woe enraptures me. But this little volume contains something beside its resistless pathos. It is the production of an original Genius; abounds in sentiment and description; and, were it not for the unhappy catastrophe, would perhaps be unexceptionable in the opinion of most men. The author however is no more culpable than all epic and tragic writers; especially as he narrates a well authenticated fact.—Would the following Inscription be inappropriate?

Here sleeps a youth, who loved and was beloved.
Impassioned sensibility, a soul
Alive to Nature's loveliest lineaments,
Aspiring genius, cultured and refined,
And all the dignity of conscious virtue;
These harmonized in WERTER's glowing breast.
Endowments, Letters, Sensibility—
Ensure thy Peace? Dark Disappointment's frown,
That chills the noblest energies of man,
Sunk the despairing Lover to the Tomb.

V.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

LONDON REVIEW OF MADOC.

To admirers of the Epic Muse as well as to patrons of consummate genius, the following impartial criticism will be peculiarly gratifying. We have perused several Reviews of MADOC with indignation, accompanied with an emotion of prophetic enthusiasm;

the former arose from the melancholy reflection, that preeminent talents are exposed to such illiberal, contemptible animadversion; the latter originated in a perfect assurance that the efforts of malignant imbecility have but a temporary influence. The mist of prejudice may obscure the morning glories of genius; but, dispersing the unsubstantial vapor, its meridian lustre glows "in unapproachable divinity."

V.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MADOC: *A Poem, in Two Parts. By Robert Southey.* 4to. 1805.*

It has been very finely observed by Mr. Gibbon, in the Memoirs of his Life and Writings, that "in the estimate of honor we should learn to value the gifts of nature above those of fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a King less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest posterity."—"The nobility of the Spensers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the *Fairy Queen* as the most precious jewel of their coronet."

When such a sentiment is delivered by a man who had no mean opinion of birth and rank, it is reasonable to acquiesce in the justice of it: and though every rhimester and poetaster would gladly shelter himself behind such a shield, and crown his labors with praise like this, yet it is only applicable to those who have really deserved well of the Muses, and have successfully challenged the opinion of critics.

Of this class is the author before us. Those who bear in mind the productions of his younger age, will acknowledge that Mr. Southey's name has long been dear to literature, and will see, in his poem Madoc, a better fruit than even those blossoms promised which his early genius displayed. Had he at once exhibited that approximation to perfection which has sometimes preternaturally appeared in the performances of youth, we should have looked with less interest at his subsequent progress, and have feared, rather than have hoped, whenever his name had been announced in the literary world. On the contrary we now rejoice to see him governing and directing his imagination with a skilful hand, pressing into his service all the circumstances with which his reading and observation have stored his mind, and combining with the sublimest efforts of fancy an extensive knowledge of nature and the passions.

The subject which Mr. Southey has chosen for the display of his talents in the present instance, is founded on a tradition of the discovery of America by Madoc, a Welsh Prince, towards the end of the twelfth century. Driven by the tyranny of his elder brother David from his native country, he had travelled westward "in search of some better resting-place. The land which he discovered pleased him; he left there part of his people and went back to Wales for a fresh supply of adventurers with whom he again set sail, and was heard of no more. There is strong evidence that he reached America, and that his posterity exist there to this day on the Southern branches of the

* An elegant edition of MADOC, in 2 vols. 8vo is now publishing in Numbers, by *Munroe & Francis*, of Boston, subscriptions for which are received by *Cushing & Appleton*, at the Bible and Heart, Salem.

Missouri, retaining their complexion, their language, and in some degree their arts."—A story of which so little and so much is known, cannot fail to excite an interest of its own, and the creative genius of the poet has given it every advantage of which it is capable.

The poem opens with Madoc's return to Wales, where he finds his family still subject to the oppression of his brother, who receives him with a sort of haughty kindness, but grants him permission to take with him his sister Gwervyl and some remains of his kindred. At a banquet he relates his adventures, and the business of the poem is developed with great advantage and order. Whenever there is an opportunity for the display of domestic feelings, Mr. Southey has seized it with a happiness that shows how entirely he possesses, and understands, and values them. Happy must those be who are the objects of them in real life! A great variety of characters is necessarily introduced in the poem, and much skill is shown in drawing the different features of them, but particularly in exhibiting a general character of a nation as that of the Americans, in which, however, each individual differs from the rest

——facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen.

Madoc is throughout the favorite of the reader, as well as the hero of the poem; he is great not by the littleness of those opposed to him, but by his intrinsic qualities; and by giving to him enemies worthy of himself, an additional lustre is thrown upon his character. It is worthy of observation, with how much art Mr. Southey has contrived to excite our admiration of the individuals with whom Madoc has to contend, and such an abhorrence of the cause in which they fight, that our interest and anxiety for his success is never lost. He is the champion of Mercy and Forgiveness; he labours at the abolition of human sacrifices, which prevail among the Aytecans; and having conquered them in battle, makes it the condition of peace. This event closes Madoc's relation: the rest of the first Part of the Poem is taken up with an account of the Royal Family of Owen Gwyneth, and an interesting display of ancient British manners. The second Part gives us his return to America, where in his absence the Priests had excited the Princes and the people to revolt from their plighted faith, and infringe the peace they had concluded. Treachery and courage, the prominent features of the savage character, are finely exemplified in Amahlata and Tlalala. Disdaining the use of such machinery as gods and goddesses, Mr Southey skilfully substitutes in its place the dominion of priestcraft over the minds of the Aytecans; and subjecting them to superstition, he, without violation of truth and nature, produces, by means the most simple, all the effect which other poets have sought in the monstrous absurdity of preternatural interposition. By applying this powerful engine only to the savage character, Mr. Southey evinces the superiority of his judgment and the originality of his genius, at the same time that he has not scorned, under a new form the use of an instrument which his predecessors have wielded with less skill and grace. He has conducted Madoc through the second Part of the Poem, where the hero meets with greater difficulties, and is called into scenes of severer trial than on his first landing, in a high stile of sublimity both as to thought and diction. He is taken prisoner, and in the moment of most imminent danger rescued by a female, whose history makes a beautiful episode. After varied contests, vic-

tory is decided in favor of the hero of the poem, and the Aytecans yield to him the territory he has won.

The reader has here a brief and imperfect sketch of Madoc, by which we rather seek to excite his curiosity than pretend to gratify it; for the incidents, though all of them tending to the great end of the poem, are so numerous, that to attempt a detail of them so short as our limits would preseribe, would not be to do them justice. We can only say of the versification, that it is generally in the best stile of blank verse, with a variety in it that is seldom compassed but by lyrical measures; and affords an additional proof, by its strength, and tenderness, and dignity, of the powers of the English language, when under the controul of a master who has genius to mould it to his purpose. The following lines include the speech of a blind old man, a follower of Madoc, to the Aytecans after the first battle :—

"Cynetha then arose: between his son
And me supported, rose the blind old man.
"Ye wrong us, men of Aytlan! if ye deem
We bid ye wrong the gods; accurst were he
Who would obey such bidding,—more accurst
The wretch who dared command impiety!
It is the will of God that we make known,
Your God and ours. Know ye not Him who laid
The deep foundations of the earth, and built
The arch of heaven, and kindled yonder sun,
And breath'd into the woods, and waves, and sky,
The power of life?"
"We know Him!" they replied,
"The great For Ever One, the God of gods,
Ipalnemoani. He by whom we live!"
"And we too," quoth Ayayaca; "we know
And worship the Great Spirit, who in clouds
And storms, in mountain caves, and by the fall
Of waters, in the woodland solitude,
And in the night and silence of the sky,
Doth make his being felt. We also know,
And fear, and worship the Beloved One."
"Our God," replied Cynetha, "is the same,
The Universal Father. He to the first
Made his will known; but when men multiplied,
The Evil Spirits darken'd them, and sin
And misery came into the world, and men
Forsook the way of truth, and gave to stocks
And stones the incommunicable name.
Yet with one chosen, one peculiar race,
The knowledge of their Father and their God
Remain'd, from sire to son transmitted down,
While the bewilder'd nations of the earth
Wander'd in fogs, and were in darkness lost,
The light abode with them; and when at times
They sinn'd and went astray, the Lord hath put
A voice into the mouths of holy men,
Raising up witnesses unto himself,
That so the saving knowledge of his name
Might never fail; nor the glad promise, given
To our first parent, that at length his sons
From error, sin, and wretchedness redeem'd,
Should form one happy family of love;
Nor ever hath that light, howe'er bedimm'd,
Wholly been quench'd: still in the heart of man
A feeling, and an instinct, it exists,

His very nature's stamp and privilege,
Yea of his life the life. I tell ye not,
O Aytecas! of things unknown before;
I do but waken up that living sense
That sleeps within ye! Do ye love the gods
Who call for blood? Doth the poor sacrifice
Go with a willing step to lay his life
Upon their altars?—Good must come of good,
Evil of evil: if the fruit be death,
The poison springeth from the sap and root,
And the whole tree is deadly; if the rites
Be evil, they who claim them are not good,
Not to be worshipp'd then; for to obey
The evil will is evil. Aytecas!
From the For Ever, the Beloved One,
The Universal Only God, I speak,
Your God and mine, our Father and our Judge.
Hear ye his law—Hear ye the perfect law
Of love—Do ye to others as ye would
That they should do to you.—He bids us meet
To praise his name in thankfulness and joy;
He bids us, in our sorrow, pray to him,
The Comforter; love him, for he is good!
Fear him, for he is just! obey his will,
For who can bear his anger?"

It would be unjust to withhold from our readers the following description of a storm:—

——"As he spake I saw
The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep!
And heavily upon the long slow swell
The vessel labour'd on the labouring sea;
The reef-points rattled on the shivering sail;
At fits the sudden gust howl'd ominous,
Anon, with unremitting fury rag'd;
High roll'd the mighty billows, and the blast
Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam!"

The descriptive effect of the last line equals any thing we ever remember to have read; it is not surpassed even by the wonderful sound of Homer's *kuma polusphloisboio thalasses.*

We are happy to find that Mr. Southey has been for some time employed in writing a History of Portugal; his great attention to every thing in that country when he visited it gives us every reason to hope that he will show himself as faithful a votary to the historic as to the epic Muse; and thus we shall have cause to rank him as highly for his discrimination and perseverence in the search after truth, as we already do for his fancy and freedom in the inventive and ornamental flights of poesy. When this shall be accomplished, he will have founded a name which in present and in future times will be looked up to with reverence; and those who may be connected with him by blood or descent may exclaim with a laudible pride—this man is my relation, this favorite of the Muses was my ancestor!

A Batchelor, being in company a short time ago, with some married men, was asked, why he did not *take a wife?* To which he replied, he had taken *many*, but that the *husbands* made such a confounded grumbling, he was under the necessity of *leaving it off.*

Count Mahony being once asked by the Pope, if he understood *French?* Yes, please your Holiness, said the honest Hibernian, if it be spoken in *Irish.*

POETRY.

MR. POOL,

Those of your readers by whom the serenity of domestic happiness is duly estimated, will, while perusing the following, sympathize with the author and OPHELIA.

TO THE PENATES.

———Tho' from your rites
Estrang'd, and exil'd from your altars long,
I have not ceas'd to love you, Household Gods!
In many a long and melancholy hour
Of solitude and sorrow, has my heart
With earnest longings prayed to rest at length
Beside your hallowed hearth, for Peace is there!
Yes, I have loved you long. I call on you
Yourselves to witness with what holy joy,
Shunning the polished mob of human kind,
I have retired to watch your lonely fires
And commune with myself. Delightful hours!
That gave mysterious pleasure, made me know
All the recesses of my wayward heart,
Taught me to cherish with devoutest care
Its strange unworldly feelings, taught me too
The best of lessons—to respect myself!
Nor have I ever ceased to reverence you,
Domestic Deities! from the first dawn
Of reason, even to this better day.
When first,
A little one, I left my father's home,
I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
With feelings not its own: sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth;
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow. As I grew
In years and knowledge, and the course of Time
Developed the young feelings of my heart,
When most I loved in solitude to rove
Amid the woodland gloom; or where the rocks
Darkened old Avon's stream, in the ivied cave
Recluse to sit and brood the future song,
Yet not the less, Penates, loved I then
Your altars, not the less, at evening hour
Delighted by the well-trimm'd fire to sit,
Absorbed in many a dear deceitful dream
Of visionary joys: deceitful dreams—
Not wholly vain—for, painting purest joys,
They form'd to Fancy's mould her votary's heart.

Penates! to your shrine I come for rest,
There only to be found. Often at eve,
Amid my wanderings I have seen far off
The lonely light that spake of comfort there;
It told my heart of many a joy of home,
And my poor heart was sad. When I have gaz'd
From some high eminence on goodly vales
And cots and villages embower'd below,
The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scene so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tir'd mind might rest and call it *home*.
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and Virtues never known beyond
The hallow'd limit. Often has my heart
Ached for that quiet haven!

SOUTHEY.

TO HOPE.

ANON.

Ah, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow:
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say,
'Be calm, thine ills will end to-morrow.'

The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm, disease or grief relieving!
And I am ever doom'd to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving!

Yet false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear deluson will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not, with thee part,
Since *I*, alas! with *thee* must perish.

SKETCHES OF NEWS.

There is a prospect of a general Peace in Europe. Preliminaries of peace between Great Britain and Spain are said to have been signed at Madrid on the 4th of August.

It is reported that the preliminaries of a general peace were signed at Paris on the 31st of July.

The fortress of Gaeta surrendered to the French on the 18th of July. The garrison are prisoners of war with permission to march off, but not to serve in eighteen months.

At Cadiz, on the 15th of Aug. it was reported that the French troops in Naples had made an attempt against Sicily, and been defeated with great loss.

It is stated that Miranda had landed at Coro; that a party of his men had been attacked by the Spaniards and fourteen killed; and that finding the Spanish force by far exceeded his, he had re-embarked with the intention of seeking some more advantageous place to establish his head quarters.

MARRIED,

At Ipswich, Mr. William Brown, of Newburyport, to Miss Mary Plummer. At Byfield, Mr. Joseph Hale, mer. of this town, to Miss Eunice Chute. In this town, Mr. Theodore Morgan, to Miss Abigail Manning. Mr. Andrew Archer, to Miss Abigail Browne.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not think the memory of WASHINGTON would be much honored by the effusion of "*L. T. S.*"

"*Regules*" may perhaps be a wit, but he certainly is not a poet. We will however gratify him so far as to give a specimen of his *pungent* performance:—

"'Tis now fashion—'tis mode—a la genus' gods!
"Flounces the gowns of our pimps to the ground,
"And nay poises the hair, as a comet would stare,
"'Midst frizetts, curl'd gauzes, and spanglous glare."

Were we to publish the jingling rhimes signed "*Attraction*," we are confident we should not *attract* any thing better than the contempt of our patrons.

"*Gravity*" has free liberty to withdraw his communication.

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